

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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MORNING HYMN.

Sweet morn! from countless cups of gold
Thou liftest reverently on high
More incense fine than earth can hold,
To fill the sky.

One interfusion wide of love,
Thine airs and odors moist ascend;
And 'mid the azure depths above
With light they blend.

The lark, by his own carol blest,
From thy green harbors eager springs;
And his large heart in little breast
Exulting sings.

A joy from hidden paradise
Is rippling down the shining brooks,
With beauty like the gleams of eyes
In tenderest looks.

The fly his jocund round unweaves,
With choral strain the birds salute
The voiceful flocks, and nothing grieves
And naught is mute:

In man, O morn! a loftier good
With conscious blessing fills the soul,
A life by reason understood,
Which metes the whole.

With healthful pulse and tranquil fire,
Which plays at ease in every limb,

His thoughts unchecked to Heaven aspire,
Revealed in him.

To thousand tasks of fruitful hope,
With skill against his toil he bends,
And finds his work's determined scope
Where'er he wends.

From earth, and earthly toil and strife,
To deathless aims his love may rise.
Each dawn may wake to better life,
With purer eyes.

Such grace from Thee, O God! be ours
Renewed with every morning's ray,
And freshening still with added flowers
Each future day.

Like earth, awake, and warm and bright
With joy the spirit moves and burns:
So up to Thee, O Fount of Light!
Our light returns.

—*John Sterling.*

ALL THINGS OURS: A SUMMER-DAY SERMON.

All things are yours.—1 Cor. iii. 21.

The all-loving Father spreads a table of infinite bounty, and invites us freely to come and be fed. Alas, of how little we partake! Heaven and earth, life and death, things present and things to come,—all are offered us. That only is ours which our souls use and enjoy, which replenishes spiritual manhood and womanhood, which we carry with us around the globe and to the eternal world.

Not an idle fancy, but a very profound truth, I offer you,—most thoroughly practical, obvious by manifold illustrations.

From the wonders of a World's Fair or the panorama of a summer's travel, a score of people bring away just what each one takes delight in, and stores up in his spiritual treasure-house. How differently travellers through life see and gather in!

One takes a sleeping-car, closes his eyes, folds the hands, his supreme desire to get through easily, and at the end of his journey knows no more than when he started. Another makes worries and troubles by the way his chief remembrance and topic of conversation. Another with open eye and ear, enchanted by glorious scenes on right hand and left, and enjoying charming companionship of fellow-travellers on the way, despite annoyances quickly forgotten, has seen the best things this world has to show and carries them in his memory, a perpetual delight.

In the suburb of the city of Geneva is the superb villa of one of the brothers Rothschild, a palace of elegant architecture, sumptuous with its adornments of art, with aviary of birds of brilliant plumage and song, with grotto and grove and wide-spreading lawn, with garden and conservatory of choicest, rarest flowers; while across the lovely Lake Leman, on the far horizon, is seen sovereign, snow-crowned Mt. Blanc, glowing in splendor in the setting sun. To whom belongs it all? The banker is busily drudging in his counting-room, coining the gold to keep up the costly establishment. His gardener dwells amid the perfume and profusion of beauty from the rising to the setting sun. The passing traveller also carries the picture of delight in his memory all his days to the ends of the world. Does not the generous banker most liberally share with traveller and gardener his ownership?

In the woods about Chautauqua I once walked with that genius of universal knowledge, Rev. Dr. Hill, preacher and college president. He knew every tree, bush, leaf, and flower of the woods; could classify them, and compare them with their cousins in Maine, till it seemed as if the forest belonged to him. In Switzerland, also, I met Prof. Gray, the distinguished Harvard botanist. Enjoying the grand scenery of mountain and glacier, I had been scarcely conscious of the flowers at my feet. On the very edges of the ice-fields, in loftiest altitudes, he had gathered flowers in hundreds of varieties. He could call them all by name. He loved and enjoyed them as children. It seemed as if all the flora of Switzerland were his private possession.

What matters it that the pope owns the

canvas of the Transfiguration, which millions could not purchase! He cannot monopolize the genius of Raphael. Let one with an eye for art and beauty but look at this master picture of the world, and it is his,—a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

In one of the finest private libraries of America I saw the early folios of Shakespeare, bound in sumptuous scarlet Levant morocco and gold, for which the owner had paid some fabulous price. Meanwhile, by his pitch-pine firelight, some log-cabin boy makes himself acquainted with Falstaff, Hamlet, Romeo, and Othello, and knows Shakespeare by heart with a dramatic delight that cannot be bound up in Turkey morocco.

In what sense is fortune really ours? It may be ours in the business talent, energy, and enterprise it develops in the making. It becomes ours with still richer result when with generous deeds we consecrate it to the soul's best life. Often property becomes most truly ours in giving it away. Thus we extract its spiritual essence, ours forever.

Not only fortune may serve the soul, but every gift and experience may minister to spiritual growth. The friends we meet, the books we read, every bargain and purchase, health and sickness, prosperity and poverty, become ours, as they help educate us in wisdom, energy, patience, and love. All things may serve as steps in climbing heavenward. We need not personally go down to the black depths of sin to know its terror. By the crimes of others we may take warning, and shun the paths that lead to perdition. And, though we have not yet reached the holy heights to which we aspire, saints who have gone before exploring and showing the pathway, and kindling our ambition, make it easier for us to ascend.

We live in an era richly freighted with opportunity. The advancing years grow richer as they pass. Never since the sun shone was there a better time for serving God and humanity. The gospel is here in all its freshness, its truths not exhausted, its work not fully done, still demanding fidelity, heroism, and sacrifice. Christ calls us to-day. Shall we not follow him? In the persons of the poor, the sick, the imprisoned, the unfortunate, he gives us the chance to serve him; for, as we treat the

least of these his brethren, so are we held as treating him, the very Son of God.

On this effulgent summer day a divine voice seems calling from the heavenly heights, saying: Here is my universe! Come, my children, take, use, and enjoy! The Holy Land is here, if we will but make it such. Now is the accepted hour. This is the day the Lord hath made. Let us rejoice and be glad in it.

Let us so live that, when we are called to join the company gone before, we shall go, not as paupers, but as Christian princes enriched with the best things of the universe, and able to say, All things are ours.—*R. R. Shippen.*

THE STILL HOUR.

THY WILL BE DONE.

"Understanding what the will of the Lord is."
Eph. v. 17.

With quivering heart and trembling will

The word hath passed thy lips,
Within the shadow, cold and still,

Of some fair joy's eclipse:
"Thy will be done!" Thy God hath heard,
And he will crown that faith-framed word.

Thy prayer shall be fulfilled; but how?

His thoughts are not as thine;
While thou wouldst only weep and bow,
He saith, "Arise, and shine!"

Thy thoughts were all of grief and night,
But his of boundless joy and light.

Thy Father reigns supreme above:

The glory of His name
Is Grace and Wisdom, Truth and Love,—
His will must be the same;

And thou hast asked all joys in one
In whispering forth, "Thy will be done."

—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

What inexpressible joy for me to look up through the blossoms and the fluttering leaves, and to see God's love there, to listen to the thrush that has built his nest among them, and to feel God's love, who cares for the birds, in every note that swells his little throat, to look beyond to the bright blue depths of the sky, and feel they are a canopy of blessing,—the roof of the house of my Father; that, if clouds pass over it, it is unchangeable light they veil; that, even when the day itself passes, I shall see that the night itself only unveils

new worlds of light; and to know that, if I could unwrap fold after fold of God's universe, I should only unfold more and more blessing, and see deeper and deeper into the love which is at the heart of all.—*Elizabeth Charles.*

Every contradiction of our will, every little ailment, every petty disappointment, will, if we take it patiently, become a blessing. So walking on earth, we may be in heaven: the ill-temper of others, the slights and rudenesses of the world, ill-health, the daily accidents with which God has mercifully strewn our paths, instead of ruffling or disturbing our peace, may cause his peace to be shed abroad in our hearts abundantly.—*E. B. Pusey.*

AS UNTO THEE.

O happy house! and happy servitude!

Where all alike one Master own;
Where daily duty in thy strength pursued
Is never hard or toilsome known;
Where each one serves thee, meek and lowly,
Whatever thine appointment be,
Till common tasks seem great and holy,
When they are done as unto thee.

—*C. J. P. Spitta.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[Send all matter for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 2 Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass.]

BEFORE WRITING TO ASK FOR BOOKS, DO NOT FAIL TO READ THE FOLLOWING DIRECTIONS.

1. If you see a book offered in the Book Club which you desire to read, write directly to the address of the person who offers it. If she receives more than one request, the addresses of those to whom she cannot respond may be sent to the Book Club, and the request printed there.

2. If you have a book or paper to give or lend, write directly to the Book Club as above, and offer it with your address.

3. In sending a book, enclose, when possible, a P.O. card for response, already addressed.

4. In thanking the person who has sent you a book, always mention the name of the book. Say, "I have received 'Black Beauty,'" or whatever the book may be; not, "I have received that book." This saves a busy person a good deal of time. Otherwise, she must consult her list constantly to find out what book has been received safely.

N.B.—Do not send books to the Book Club. Send only the *offer* to the club. To send the *book* involves packing it *twice* and paying postage *twice*, where once would suffice.

Those who offer books frequently receive notes, saying, "Shall I return you this book, or keep it, or

pass it on?" Unless otherwise stated, all books offered in this department are given, and the postage paid.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking, "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it: else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed there.

Please write only on one side of the paper in sending lists or letters to the secretary.

OFFERS.

Will any mother who would like to have "Gentle Measures in Training the Young," by Jacob Abbott, or any one who would like "Black Beauty," address Miss Langmaid, 2 Gordon Terrace, Brookline, Mass.?

The Lowell Branch offers the following books. Address Miss A. F. Anderson, 31 Anne Street, Lowell, Mass. Warner's "Introductory Geography"; Warner's "Grammar School Geography"; Frye's "Elements of Geography"; "World in Map and Pictures"; "Number Lessons," seven parts; "Beginner's American History"; "Graded Lessons in English," Reed; Worcester's "Pronouncing Spelling Book"; "Fourth Music Reader," abridged; "New Second Music Reader," "New Third Music Reader," "Public School Music Course," "Intermediate Music Reader," Whiting.

For the following, address Miss D. G. Putnam, 81 K Street, South Boston, Mass.: "Sunday-school Lessons on the Old Testament," 1877, 1878, 1879; "New Testament," 1880, 1881, 1882; *Christian Register*, six months, 1898, 1899, complete; *Outlook*, 1897, 1898 (incomplete); *Ladies' Home Journal*, 1897.

REQUESTS.

[Read directions at beginning of Book Club before writing.]

Those who send offers and requests for the Book Club will do us a kindness by noting the following suggestions: 1. Please write very clearly. 2. Do not use a pencil. 3. Do not use contractions, especially names of States (as Cal. and Col. for California, Colorado). 4. Write on one side only of the paper. 5. Do not forget to give your full address. (The State is now and then omitted.) 6. Do not send matter for the

Book Club to Miss Clarke, but to Mrs. Nichols, the Book Club secretary.

Will you please send to a helpless invalid, who spends her days in a wheel-chair, Plutarch's "Lives of Illustrious Men?" Mrs. S. T. Gerry, South Robbinston, Washington County, Maine.

Mrs. Lizzie Bunton, Mackiesville, Texas, and Miss Mamie Koenitzer, Lowell, Ohio, are both too poor to subscribe for *The Cheerful Letter*, and would enjoy it very much, also the reading they could obtain through the Book Club.

(*The Cheerful Letter* is sent.)

Dear Friends of *The Cheerful Letter*,—I have often thought of writing to thank you for the good work you are doing. It is a lovely thought to come home to us as individuals that there are those who care for and would share with us. We are often helped here at home to profitably and pleasantly pass the long winter evenings by reading the books which come as a gleam of light, and *do us all good*. The only one of Mrs. Whitney's books I ever read was "Faith Gartney's Girlhood," sent by some *Cheerful Letter* friend. This, after going the round of our neighborhood, is now followed by "The Lamplighter." Our young people read stories such as these with profit, and for older ones they contain lessons *worth* the learning. I shall be thankful for reading of any kind that you may send, and can find an appreciative circle of readers, especially among our young people, who by necessity are forced to forego the privilege of attending even our five months' school.

I could write you instances of loneliness, ill-health, and sometimes, worse than all, oppression, that make me feel I must be "up and doing"; yet I feel so powerless to do where so much is needed. I have personally received again and again help and courage many times from the perusal of *The Cheerful Letter*, and therefore am the more impelled to long to reach others for this our common cause, the upbuilding of the kingdom of God. Mrs. S. T. Lisk, Conner, Marion County, Florida.

I am very anxious to obtain *Munsey's Magazine*, August, September, and October of 1898, and the *Ladies' Home Journal*, December, 1898. If any one can send them

to me, I will feel it a great kindness. Miss Olive Smith, Centre Moriches, New York.

Myrtle Peggram, Ryan, Indian Territory, asks for reading suitable for a little girl ten years of age, living on a cattle ranch, remote from schools and playmates.

Mollie Meade, Palmer, Illinois, who has been a member of the Shut-in Society over eleven years, asks for "Wide, Wide World" and "Queechy"; also, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "The Lamplighter," "Bride of Llewellyn," "Ishmael in the Depths," or any of Margaret Sidney's works. Will return the favor in some way. Will pass reading on to other shut-ins.

I am one who is not able to buy books or even take a paper. I thought I would write to you, and see if you would be kind enough to give me some books. I am a farmer's wife. I have four little children. Mrs. Hattie J. Clark, Stella, Virginia.

I have been a reader of *The Cheerful Letter* a year. I feel that I must not let another year pass without a word of thanks to you. I often think of you, but cannot write to all. I wish to thank the unknown friends who have so kindly sent me reading. It has been such a pleasure and comfort to me and others. I could have disposed of a great deal more. I know from experience what it is to be hungry for reading. I have read everything I have and all that has been sent for distribution, and still had not enough to fill up all the time. If it is not asking too much, I would be very thankful to receive some novels and some little books sent my little girl, age eight years. I will pass on all after reading. Mrs. George Brown, Verano, Patrick County, Virginia.

Mrs. R. F. Warner, Grove, Ohio, thanks friends who have sent her several books lately, and would gladly thank all by letter, had they given addresses.

Mrs. Mollie Bankhead, Chelsea, Indian Territory, the mother of six children, one an invalid boy, eleven years of age, will be very glad of any reading that may be sent.

Mrs. Kate Hale, Wolf Creek, Washington County, Ohio, asks for any reading. She is poor and sick.

Mrs. Levi Mayo, Windsor, New York, an elderly lady with poor health and an invalid husband, asks for religious reading.

Will Herbert Cummings kindly send his address to the secretary, Miss Langmaid?

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

[Contributions to this department may be sent to Mrs. J. S. Howe, Chestnut Street, Brookline, Mass.]

WHAT BREAKING THE TOYS MEANS.

When most people, one way and another, are ambitious for their children, it seems strange that they are inclined to pay little heed to the trend which childish development is taking. Ideas have a parentage, no less than ideals have an inspiration. The force of good example is much, but not everything. Human endeavor is, at best, imperfect; and the flaws are liable to attract attention from their very uniqueness. The idea of a careful, loving motherhood can best be instilled into the mind of a child by precept and example. Why give the little one a doll to abuse, to say nothing of a pet kitten or puppy? Let her have the doll to take care of and be responsible for.

Why should the coming housekeeper have her first outfit, not to play at housekeeping with, but to throw around and create disorder with? Why should the boy have tools to break, not use? It is not so much the loss of the articles,—though that, too, when occasioned by wanton destructiveness, is to be deplored,—but their utter misuse. Children are in that way initiated in the playroom into irresponsibility, and their elders are well aware that life exacts to the last farthing for favor, gift, or consideration. Life will not bestow blessedness until there is manifest some aptitude to appreciate it. Why, then, are we so reckless in giving to the little ones? If the little girl cannot treat her doll—and remember, to her it is the symbol of a baby—with decency, withhold it till she can; if the little boy bangs his train of cars about, let him be discharged as engineer; let him pound the anvil, but not his drum; let him have a respect for cogs.

The eternal fitness of things governs this world. We are not this or that to-day, be-

cause we have not proved ourselves fit. The world will not trust us with its great work, because it recognizes our limitations; but we meant that it should years ago. At forty or fifty, life usually has succeeded in making us realize how low down we stand on its ladder; but in nine cases out of ten it has failed to make us see that it is our own fault, that we misused things or abused them,—our opportunities, our talents, our friends. Now why begin in the nursery to train the children for the same line of failure,—deliberately set about initiating them into habits of carelessness, irresponsibility, and wanton destructiveness? If we cannot arouse ourselves to the exigency of the case, we would better forego cherishing ambitions for our children; for, sooner or later, it will curse them and us.—*Boston Transcript.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

FERNS.

Next to flowers, what is so pretty as ferns? Ferns grow almost everywhere; and they are extremely pretty to press and arrange in vases or on walls, to make the room bright for winter. It is not difficult to learn about the common species of ferns; and I will try to tell you about a few of them, so that you may know them and find them in the woods and meadows this summer. Perhaps the most familiar to many, although by no means the most common, is the pretty climbing fern (*Lygodium palmatum*), which we so often see in the city streets for sale. It is very pretty when pressed, and is graceful twined around picture cords or on curtains. It grows in moist woods, all along the Connecticut River, and in some other places in New England. A familiar and much more common fern is the lovely Maidenhair (*Adiantum pedatum*). It grows in moist wood, and its frond spreads out like a hand of many fingers: it has a black stem, and is very easy to press. Then the great meadow ferns, how rich they are! There are three species of *Osmunda*, which are all large, handsome ferns, growing generally in damp meadows. One of these, the Royal fern, looks like a little locust tree; for the fronds are cut into leaves, like the locust. The other two are tall, handsome, plumelike ferns.

The common brake, which grows in the woods and clearings, is large and stately. It spreads itself out like an umbrella, and sometimes quite covers the ground. One of the prettiest of our ferns is the *Dicksonia*, a finely cut, long, triangular fern, which turns yellow or white in the autumn, and is then lovely to arrange with the green ones in vases. Then there is the shield fern (*Aspidum acrostichoides*), which keeps green all winter. If you look under the leaves, even in midwinter, there it is as fresh as ever. I must not forget the dear little Polypody (*Polypodium vulgare*), which grows on the rocks, and has such bright orange-brown spots on the under side of the fronds. This little fern loves to cling to the rocks and hang down over the edge; and sometimes it covers them completely, and the rocks look like great green cushions. There is another beautiful meadow fern called the Ostrich fern, because the fronds stand up in a crown, like great green ostrich feathers. If you should go to a rocky place, you will very likely find the dear little Woodsia (*Ilvensis*), which likes to cuddle down between great rocks and cling to the edges of precipices. It grows in thick mats, and is covered on the back of the frond with white or brown scales.

In limestone regions we find another fern, *Cystopteris bulbifera*, which grows almost as long as the climbing fern I have told you about. It is often found three-quarters of a yard long and not more than one or two inches wide. This is very pretty for decoration. Its sister, *Cystopteris fragilis*, is a dear little fern, which is more common. It is very delicate and graceful, and has pretty little brown spots on the back. Another pretty little fern is the *Asplenium trichomanes*, which generally grows on rocks in moist, shady nooks. In England it grows all over the walls, and makes them look very pretty.

Did you ever hear of a walking fern? There is one so called. It stretches out its long tip, which, when it touches the ground, takes root; and a new plant springs up at that point. It looks more like a leaf than like a fern. It is not very common; but it is worth while to hunt for it, because it is so curious to see how it steps along.

When you get a little acquainted with ferns and have gathered and pressed some,

perhaps you will wonder why they have no flowers and no seeds, and how they can make new plants without any seeds.

If you will look on the under side of your ferns, you will find on some of them a very fine brown powder-like dust. These little particles are called spores. They are not just like seeds; but they help to form the new fern plant, so they answer somewhat the same purpose that seeds do for flowering plants.—*M. S. C., in Little Unity.*

THE MILKWEED.

The singular hospitality of our milkweed blossom is nowhere matched among Flora's minions, and would seem occasionally in need of supervision. Just outside the door at my country studio, almost in touch of its threshold, year after year there blooms a large clump of milkweed; and, what with the fragrance of its purple pompons and the murmurous music of its bees, its fortnight of bloom is not permitted to be forgotten for a moment. Only a moment ago a whiff of more than usual redolence from the open window at which I am sitting reminded me that the flowers were even now in the heyday of their prime, and the loud droning music betokened that the bees were making the most of their opportunities.

Yielding to the temptation, I was soon standing in the midst of the plants. The purple fragrant umbels of bloom hung close about me on all sides, each flower with its five generous horns of plenty drained over and over again by the eager sipping swarm.

But the July sunshine is one thing to a bee, and quite another to me. I have lingered long enough, however, to witness again the beautiful reciprocity, and to realize anew, with awe and reverence, how divinely well the milkweed and the bee understand each other.

Two months hence an occasional silky messenger will float away from the glistening clouds about the open milkweed pods; but who ever thanks the bees of June for them? The flower is but a bright anticipation, an expression of hope in the being of the parent plant. It has but one mission. All its fragrance, all its nectar, all its beauty of form and hue, are but means toward the consummation of the eternal edict of crea-

tion,—“increase and multiply.” To that end we owe all the infinite forms, designs, tints, decorations, perfumes, mechanisms and other seemingly inexplicable attributes. Its threshold must bear its own peculiar welcome to its insect, or perhaps to its humming-bird friend or counterpart. Its nectaries must both tempt and reward his coming, and its petals assist his comfortable tarrying. Next to the floral orchids the mechanism of our milkweed blossom is perhaps the most complex and remarkable, and illustrates as perfectly as any of the orchid examples given in Darwin's noble work the absolute divine intention of the dependence of a plant species upon the visits of an insect.

What a singular decree has nature declared with reference to the milkweed! She says, in plainest terms, “Your pollen must be removed on the leg of an insect, preferably a bee, or your kind shall perish from the face of the earth.” And what is the deep-laid plan by which this end is assured? As in all flowers, the pollen of the milkweed blossom must come in contact with its stigma before fruition is possible. The pollen masses are concealed in pockets around the cylindrical centre of the flower, the discs only being exposed at the surface at five equidistant points around its rim. A bee alights upon the flower, the object of its visit being, of course, the sweets located in the five horn-shaped nectaries. In order to reach this nectar, the insect must hang to the bulky blossom. Instantly one or more of the feet are seen to enter the upper fissure, and during the insect's movements are drawn through to the base. The foot is thus conducted directly between the two viscid pollen discs, which immediately cling closer than a brother; and, as the foot is finally withdrawn, the pollen is pulled from its cell. The member now released seeks a fresh hold; and the same result follows, the leg almost inevitably entering the fissure, and this time drawing the pollen directly against the sticky stigmatic surface within. The five honey horns have now been drained; and, as our bee leaves the flower, he is plainly detained by this too hearty “shake” or “grip” of his host, and must quite commonly exert a slight struggle to free himself. As the foot is thus torn away, the pollen mass is often

scraped off and remains within, or parts at the stalk, leaving the disc clinging to the leg. Almost any bee which we may catch upon a milkweed gives perfect evidence of its surroundings, its toes being decorated with the yellow tags, each successive flower giving and taking compliments, as it were, with his fellows—*My Studio Neighbors*, by William Hamilton Gibson.

MARY SOMERVILLE.

By far the best and dearest of my friends in Florence, however, was one who never came up our hill, and who was already an aged woman,—Mrs. Somerville. I had brought a letter of introduction to her, being anxious to see one who had been such an honor to womanhood; but I expected to find her an incarnation of science, having very little affinity with such a person as I. Instead of this I found in her the dearest old lady in all the world, who took me to her heart as if I had been a newly found daughter, and for whom I soon felt such tender affection that, sitting beside her on her sofa (as I mostly did on account of her deafness), I could hardly keep myself from caressing her. In a letter to Harriet St. Leger I wrote of her, "She is the very ideal of an old lady, so gentle, cordial, and dignified, like my mother, and as fresh, eager, and intellectual now as she can ever have been." Her religious ideas proved to be exactly like my own; and being, no doubt, somewhat athirst for sympathy on a subject on which she felt profoundly (her daughters differing from her), she opened her heart to me entirely. Here are a few notes I made after talks with her:—

Mrs. Somerville thinks no one can be eloquent who has not studied the Bible. We discussed the character of Christ. She agreed to all I said, adding she thought it clear the apostles never thought he was God, only the image of the perfection of God. She kissed me tenderly when I rose to go, and bade me come back at any hour, — at three in the morning, if I liked.

May 18. Mrs. Somerville gave me her photograph. She says she always feels a regret thinking of the next life, that we shall see no more the flowers of this world. I said we should, no doubt, see others still

fairer. "Ah, yes," she said; "but our own roses and mignonette! I shall miss them. The dear animals, I believe we shall meet. They suffer so often here, they must live again."

June 3. Wished farewell to Mrs. Somerville. She said, kissing me with many tears: "We shall meet in heaven. I shall claim you there."

I saw Mrs. Somerville again on my other visits to Italy,—at Genoa, Spezzia, and Naples,—of course making it a great object of my plans to be for some weeks near her. In my last journey, in 1879, I saw at Naples the noble monument erected over her grave by her daughter. It represents her (heroic size) reclining on a classic chair, in somewhat the same attitude of the statue of Agrippina in the Vatican.

Mrs. Somerville ought to have been buried in Westminster Abbey. When I saw her death announced on the posters of the newspapers in the streets of London, I hurried as soon as I could recover myself to Dean Stanley, to arrange for her interment in the Abbey. The dean consented freely and with hearty approval to my proposition; and Mrs. Somerville's nephew, Sir William Fairfax, promised at once to defray all expenses. There was only one thing further needed, and that was the usual formal request from some public body or official persons to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster. Dean Stanley had immediately written to the Astronomer Royal, to suggest that he and the president of the Royal Society, as the representatives of the sciences with which Mrs. Somerville's fame was connected, should address to him the demand which would authorize his proceeding with the matter. But that gentleman *refused* to do it on the ground that *he* had never read Mrs. Somerville's books. Whether he had read one in which she took the opposite side from his in the sharp and angry Adams-Le Verrier controversy, it is not for me to say. Anyway, jealousy, either scientific or masculine, declined to admit Mary Somerville's claims in the national Valhalla, wherein so many men, neither intellectually nor morally her equals, have been welcomed.

From the time of our first meeting till her death in 1872 Mrs. Somerville maintained a close correspondence with me. I

have had all her beautifully written letters bound together, and they form a considerable volume. Of course, it was a delight to me to send her everything which might interest her; and among other things I sent her a volume of Theodore Parker's Prayers, edited by myself. In October, 1863, I spent a long time at Spezzia, to enjoy the immense pleasure of her society. I was then a cripple and unable to walk to her house, and wrote of her visits as follows to Miss Elliot:—

"Mrs. Somerville comes to me every day. She is looking younger than three years ago; and she talked to me for three hours yesterday, pouring out such stories of recent science as I never heard before. Then we talked a little heresy, and she thanked me with tears in her eyes for Parker's Prayers, saying she had found them the greatest comfort and the most perfect expression of religious feeling of any prayers she has known."

Another time I sent her my "Hopes of the Human Race." She wrote, three weeks before her death: "God bless you, dearest friend, for your irresistible argument for our immortality! Not that I ever doubted of it; but, as I shall soon enter my ninety-third year, your words are an inexpressible comfort."

Mary Somerville was the living refutation of all the idle, foolish things which have been said of intellectual women. There never existed a more womanly woman.—*F. P. Cobbe.*

MORE ABOUT TRAVELLING.

"THE AMERICAN VOICE."

A friend once said to me, "I should like very much to go abroad with you some time." As she was a bright, agreeable person and a very pleasant companion, whose society I always enjoyed, it might be supposed that I should be pleased at this suggestion. But there are several things to be considered in travelling. One is whether the members of a party want to do and see the same things. Only a party of *one* can be sure of this (if one may be called a party). On the occasion, referred to, I asked, "What do you wish to do in Europe?" My friend answered, "I want to go a great

deal to the theatre, and to see all I can of the inhabitants of the different countries." And I, responded the present writer, "wish to see picture galleries and natural scenery."

Walking-boots, wadded sacks and gowns, mackintoshes, model travelling satchels, medicine cases, etc., are all convenient; but, first of all, let us ask what is our object in going, and plan for that. The next thing that a traveller needs to consider is that it is a great waste of time and money to spend any time in shopping. True, there is an illusion about this; for some things—as, for instance, silk dresses—can be bought at more reasonable prices abroad. But when we reflect that our time in Paris and London is more valuable than diamonds, or when we even add the price of our steamer passage and hotel bills to the first cost of a dress, it will be seen what we really pay in money, besides strength and time which might be employed in seeing things which we may never have another opportunity to see.

Some of our compatriots are much annoyed by the exhibition which other Americans make of themselves, calling the attention of foreigners, by shrill, high-pitched voices. This "American voice," so called, has become one of the discomforts of foreign travel. The worst feature of it is that some of our young women have come to think the loud voice a matter of course, and say, with a certain degree of complacency, "We have loud voices: you know it is our climate," instead of trying to repress this unpleasant trait.

There is a degree of justice in the accusation of our foreign friends. It is true just as far as this: that there are a great many American women with unpleasant voices. But it is not true that it is *because they are Americans* they have loud voices. It is because they are uncultivated, underbred Americans. It is a pity this should not be borne in mind. If those young girls who go screaming about in the hotels and streets of foreign towns would realize that those who understand the matter say, not "It is because they are Americans," but "It is because they are ill-bred girls," they would feel it more important to correct this disagreeable trait.

The climate should not bear all the blame, for there are many American women who

have voices so sweet and soft that it is a pleasure to hear them speak. An Englishman, who visited the United States, said to a friend of mine that he had heard a great deal of the superiority of the voices of Englishwomen over Americans; but the two pleasantest women's voices he had known were both Americans. L. F. C.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

I've watched you now a full half-hour,
Self-poised upon that yellow flower;
And, little Butterfly! indeed
I know not if you sleep or feed.
How motionless! not frozen seas
More motionless! and then
What joy awaits you, when the breeze
Hath found you out among the trees,
And calls you forth again!

This plot of orchard-ground is ours,
My trees they are, my sister's flowers:
Here rest your wings when they are weary,
Here lodge as in a sanctuary.
Come often to us, fear no wrong;
Sit near us on the bough.
We'll talk of sunshine and of song,
And summer days when we were young,—
Sweet, childish days that were as long
As twenty days are now.

— William Wordsworth.

NORTH CAROLINA LETTER.

WICKER, NORTH CAROLINA,

June 4, 1909.

Dear Cheerful Letter,—I am writing again, because I think I will interest the many good women engaged in Cheerful Letter work. By this means, too, I hope to assure my personal correspondents I am still here, busy in behalf of the glorious faith we hold, and thank them, collectively, for kindness to me and to many they help me to give reading and cheer to. I met in Fayetteville last Tuesday a barrel of reading sent me from Watertown, Mass. I opened it there, and gave most of it away to workingmen. I was surprised at the pleasure it afforded, and am sure you will all be, too. I am commissioned to thank especially those of you who have been sending reading to Mrs. Fannie Clark and Mrs. Holingsworth. Mrs. Holingsworth is a helpless invalid, a seamstress. Both she and Mrs. Clark are very grateful, and pass their readings on to a

class that can't obtain it otherwise. Sallie Tomlinson asks me to thank her friends who sent her *Youth's Companion*. She is oldest sister in a large family of children. Through her they and many others are benefited by any reading sent her. She lost the address of the lady who wrote to her, and would be glad to have it again. Sallie Tomlinson, Fayetteville, North Carolina. I hope this will meet the eye of the kind lady who wrote to Sallie, for she wishes to thank her again. Now for myself I can only tell you again I am more sensible of the great privilege you confer upon me, the more I go about among the people and see the good done. I only crave time and means to go all the time. I am getting too old for farm work, but my tongue and heart never fails when my hands are full of books and cheer. Yours for all good,

SISTER MARY WICKER.

THE CURE FOR GOSSIP.

What is the cure for gossip? Simply, culture. There is a great deal of gossip that has no malignity in it. Good-natured people talk about their neighbors because, and only because, they have nothing else to do. As we write, there comes to us a picture of a family of young ladies. We have seen them at home, we have met them in galleries of art, we have caught them going from a bookstore or a library with a fresh volume in their hands. When we meet them, they are full of what they have seen and read. They are brimming with questions. One topic of conversation is dropped only to give place to another in which they are interested. We have left them, after a delightful hour, stimulated and refreshed; and during the whole hour not a neighbor's garment was soiled by so much as a touch. They had something to talk about. They knew something, and wanted to know more. They could listen as well as they could talk. To speak freely of a neighbor's doings and belongings would have seemed an impertinence to them, and, of course, an impropriety. They had no temptation to gossip, because the doings of their neighbors formed a subject very much less interesting than those which grew out of their knowledge and their culture.

And this is the whole story. The con-

firmed gossip is always either malicious or ignorant. The one variety needs a change of heart, and the other a change of pasture. Gossip is always a personal confession either of malice or imbecility; and the young should not only shun it, but by the most thorough culture relieve themselves from all temptation to indulge in it. It is a low, frivolous, and too often a dirty business. There are country neighborhoods in which it rages like a pest. Churches are split in pieces by it. Neighbors are made enemies by it for life. In many persons it degenerates into a chronic disease, which is practically incurable. Let the young cure it while they may.— *Dr. J. G. Holland.*

THE "SHUT-IN" TO THE CANARY.

Bird of the saffron wing,

Thou child of liberty,

I listen to thee, marvelling!

What draws such melody

From out that downy throat, thou little prisoned thing?

Those golden pinions fleet,

Thou mayst not poise in air.

The humble sparrow in the street,

Fashioned than thou less fair,

May range o'er hill and lea, while thou must languish here.

Well mightst thou mutely pine,

Refusing to be gay;

But, rather, that brave breast of thine

Pours forth a cheery lay,

For naught save seed and water praising God alway.

Ah, let me learn of thee!

My God hath shut me in,

Sweet bird, from fields where I would be.

Let me, too, strive to sing!

Out toward yonder blue, my soul can spread her wing.

— *Lettice King, in the Transcript,*

AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Please send all material for this department to Miss E. D. Chapman, 34 Buckingham Street, Cambridge, Mass.]

Enigma.

I am composed of 45 letters.

My 18, 31, 43, 37, 6, 25, 41, is the author of this quotation.

My 26, 8, 20, 3, 11, 41, 45, 33, is one of the Presidents of the United States.

My 44, 40, 26, 19, is melted rock.

My 1, 29, 33, 10, 14, 16, is a city in England.

My 22, 4, 9, 34, 27, 5, is put in front of the fire.

My 23, 36, 2, 17, 12, is a vegetable.

My 39, 28, 42, 7, 38, 24, is a kind of rug.

My 13, 15, 21, 35, 32, 30, is one of the races.

My whole is a quotation from a eulogy on Adams and Jefferson.

Charades.

1.

My *first* is the whole, and not a part.

My *second* belongs to the spring.

My *third*, it is the homely art

Of doing many a thing.

My *whole* comes fresh with every year,

And to countless homes it brings good cheer.

2.

My *first* securely protects a seed.

My *second's* a busy place, indeed.

My *whole* is an obnoxious weed.

E. P. P.

Familiar Quotations.

Who were the authors of the following quotations?

1. He that is down need fear no fall.

2. Bread is the staff of life.

3. Oh, fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,—
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

4. If the man who turnip cries
Cry not when his father dies,
'Tis a proof that he had rather
Have a turnip than his father.

Conundrums.

1. What sea would make the best sleeping-room?

2. What is majesty divested of its externals?

3. What is the noblest musical instrument?

4. What is the vilest?

Answers to Puzzles in June Number.

Geographical Puzzle.

1. Canton China (can't on china).

2. When you put a Cordova Spain (cord over).

3. I shall Rome in Italy.
4. They are best Dresden Germany (dressed in Germany).
5. Yes, Frankfort in Germany.
6. When there's a Buffalo in New York, Lyons in France, and you come across the Tigris in Turkey in Asia.

Charades.

1. Average.
2. Scintillate (sin till late).

Conundrums.

1. When the spring brings the little caterpillar (little cat a pillow).
2. One is Maid of Orleans, and the other made of wood.
3. One trains the mind, the other minds the train.
4. Willis.
5. It's not much without its tender.

Drop Letter Puzzle.

Helen's feet felt tender, she fell ten feet, bent her knee, even wrenched her neck.

Articles found in the parlor.

1. Divan. 2. Sofa. 3. Cricket. 4. Carpet. 5. Grate. 6. Andirons. 7. Pitcher. 8. Window. 9. Pillow.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged — not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort — by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in

giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

4. An important part of our mission is to mothers of young families, who feel the importance of their sacred charge and are anxious to learn all that can be known to make of their children good, upright, useful men and women,—good citizens of the country, for which we must all work together if we would make it fulfil its mission among the nations of the world and to the races of mankind. We give books on subjects connected with the training of children, and our columns are open (in our "Mothers' Council") to all who have questions to ask or interesting suggestions to make on topics important to mothers.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of our paper by addressing letters, asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who infringes this rule will be dropped from our list; and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by our Executive Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to our secretary, Miss Langmaid.

DIRECTIONS.

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SECRETARY OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Miss Bertha Langmaid, 2 Gordon Terrace, Brookline, Mass.

SECRETARY OF BOOK CLUB OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 2 Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass.

TREASURER OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Miss Louise Howe, Box 21, Nahant, Mass., or 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

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